Green Mountain Freeman.

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Written for the Green Mountain Freeman.

The Water Lily.

BY EDWIN R. TOWLE.

With queenly majesty it rose
Above the crested wave—
Too fair, too frail a thing by far,
Such stormy realm to brave.

Yet there it stood amid the waste
Of desert loneliness,
As fair a gem as ever graced
The green-hued wilderness.

Its petals white as driven snow,
Its cup of sunset hue,
Diffused a fragrance soft and sweet,
As drops of honied dew.

With wanton hand we snatched it thence—
Where born to blush unseen,
It shed its perfume on the air,
And reigned a "desert-queen!"

Well pleased such spotless prize to win,
We treasured it with care,
And dreamed the bright hues long we did rest
Upon its petals fair.

Alas! how oft our hopes are vain—
For soon it withered quite,
But left a dying fragrance, soft
As zephyrs of the night.

Miss Wheaton's Engagement.

BY MARGARET VERNE.

Miss Isabella Wheaton was engaged. Now this came to be in the most common way imaginable, viz., a portly gentleman, of some forty years, with considerable money and a good share of common sense, took a fancy to Miss Isabella's handsome face, and asked her to marry him.

Reflecting upon the matter for six consecutive days and nights, she concluded to do so. This she told him in the plainest possible way, without so much as a blush of the cheek, a quiver of the lip, or a tender glance of the eye. She stood up like a stone statue, the only sign of life about her being the soft flow of her speech. Some gentlemen, under the circumstances, would have doubted as to whether the young lady in question cherished any deep love for themselves; but Miss Wheaton's suitor was no sentimentalist. If there had ever been any romance in his nature, it had died out years before with the May of his life. He had forgotten it. It was enough for him to know that Isabella would be his wife.

"I will try to be a kind husband to you," he said, without so much as offering her his hand.

At this, a faint flush crept up for a moment into the young lady's cheeks.

"I think I can trust you, sir," she answered, looking somewhat distressed.

"O, you may be sure of that. I would not deceive you for the world," he retorted, in much the same way that a cattle-dealer would have closed up a bargain with a sharp-eyed farmer.

Miss Wheaton bowed, but did not speak, whereupon Mr. Samuel Butler took up his hat, made a low bow, and left the room.

I have an indistinct impression—perhaps I have been told so by some experienced person—that young ladies have a habit of looking shyly after their lovers when they leave them; of peeping out through the half-closed blind after a retreating figure, and listening eagerly for the light ringing step that dies away in the distance. Not so with Miss Wheaton. She closed the blinds as quickly as ever she could when Mr. Butler left the parlor, and held her small white hands over her ears, as she rushed out of the door and ran up the long stairway to her chamber. Once in her room, she locked the door and put the key in her pocket. The expression of her face said, "There is a lock between the world and myself. I am safe."

Poor child! She had yet to learn that when one turns wearily from the world, they long to turn away from self as well. Her own cares and trials wearied her most.

Her chamber was a pretty little place full of pictures and flowers. Half hid by the misty curtains at the window, a golden-breasted robin fluttered about in the sunshine, opening his throat widely to let out the God-given praise within him. Miss Wheaton listened. Was it a tear that glistened for a moment upon birdie's wings, as it perched upon its mistress's finger?

From a drawer of her writing-desk, Miss Wheaton took a small box. In the box were two withered roses—one white, one red, a red morocco Bible, and a bit of a gold ring. The ring she slipped back and forth upon her little finger, biting her lips cruelly all the while; then she put it back in the box with its companions, and kissing the leaves of the Bible, sealed them forever from sight. Perhaps her hand was a little unsteady when she directed the package—at any rate her chirography was homely and irregular when she wrote,

"HENRY C. WILTON, Esq.,
CHARLESTON, S. C."

"Now we are strangers, and nothing on earth can make us friends again," she said.—"Birdie, birdie, don't dirge so—I'm shivering."

She went to the window and held up her white fore-finger, but the bird flitted from her, still singing low and sadly.

"Don't tease me," she went on, "don't tease me, birdie. You have the happiest mistress in all the world! See how happy I am!"

She went dancing across the room, holding first one arm and then the other above her head, and singing a wild, merry song. But, alas, the bird trilled only through the sad notes!

"You are right, pet, and I am wrong," Isabella said in her heart, still letting her voice fly through the swift, gay measures of the old song.

She sank back into her chair at last, and said, "In two months a bride! I wonder if *he* will come to see me married? O, if there is a sin resting anywhere, it is at the door of his heart."

Six weeks passed, and Miss Wheaton began to grow sick of her engagement. It is of no use; a woman who has a heart can never bury it. From the deepest loads it will make its way into sight. People mistake stoniness for death. Miss Wheaton did not have a heart of stone to contend with, it was a real human, womanly heart (which means a heart doubly human), full of love, fire and passion. Henry Wilton and all the neglect in the world on his part could not change the fact a single iota. His face came between her midle-aged lover and herself constantly. It was of him she dreamed and thought. Being a sensible girl, she soon saw that an engagement was not just the thing for her. But what could she do? Tell Mr. Butler her feelings? That was the apt conclusion at which she came. She was sure he would give her up without a word of complaint, So she went to him.

It was quite against Miss Isabella, looking so bewitchingly when she opened her heart to her odd suitor. She should have put the heavy braids of brown hair straight back from her forehead, and coiled the luxuriant mass roughly at the back of her head. She should have thrown aside the lace bertha through which her fair shoulders shone like polished ivory, exchanged the light, floating organdie muslin for a dress of calico or gingham. But this she did not understand at all, for it had never entered her unsophisticated heart that it was her rare beauty, enhanced by her fine style of dressing, that had so completely taken the good cosmopolitan.

Face to face with Butler, she found that she had no easy task before her. She colored scarlet when she tried to speak, and her throat seemed full of something, which she was certain was not words. At last the matter-of-fact lover began to be annoyed by her hesitancy, and looking at her sharply, said, with a fine show of placid condescension in his voice:

"What is it you wish to say, my dear Miss Wheaton?"

Now she was obliged to speak, and the cross could be put off no longer. She began, her face altering from white to red:

"I have been thinking, Mr. Butler, that it would be better for us both if our engagement was broken off."

"You have!" answered Mr. Butler, in the same unimpassioned tone, guiltless of surprise or consternation. "I haven't."

"No, I suppose not, sir; but—but—although I respect you very much, I find that I do not love you."

"Well, Miss Wheaton, did I ever ask you to? I am not a man who believes much in this romantic stuff I don't care a single fig for it!"

Miss Isabella bit her lip. What could she say next? She hadn't thought before what a complete stick she had engaged herself to.

"No; I know, sir, that you never asked me to love you, but I supposed you thought that I did," she ventured at last.

"Greatly mistaken—such a thought never entered my head!"

"But you do not love me, and I can not marry a man who——"

"Nonsense, I say!" interrupted Mr. Butler, impatiently. "You are too young to understand yourself, and there is but little use in talking."

Now to be put off in this way was not what this pretty woman was accustomed to. The fire flashed up in her eyes at his words.

"But I *insist* upon your talking with me, sir," she said, emphatically, her head rising two or three inches as she spoke.

"Whew—you do!" answered this good man of log.

"Yes, sir; and I insist that it's not right or proper for me to become your wife, with the feelings I now have."

"I can't help that—I'm not a man who is accustomed to anything like child's play.—Yes once is yes always with me. I shall hold you to your promise, Miss Wheaton, and consider myself right in so doing.

"And from this moment, sir, I shall consider my engagement to you broken!" she replied, sharply, her eyes flashing up like great stars.

"That is impossible, if I choose to hold you to it," he retorted, his face reddening for the first time.

He arose, as he said this, his very manner implying that his opinion could not be gainsayed.

"I shall leave town to-morrow, to be absent six weeks. I hope to find you in your senses when I return," he remarked, pausing for a moment in the door.

"You may consider yourself lucky, sir, if you find me at all, either in my senses or out of them," she answered, her temper getting quite the better of her.

Mr. Butler bowed and smiled. It is needless to say Miss Wheaton did not return that very common civility. She stood up straight, without so much as moving a muscle of her red mouth, or turning her large, beautiful eyes.

When Mr. Henry Wilton received the little box containing two roses—one white, the other red, a pocket Bible in red morocco, and the bit of a gold ring, he did not care which way he went. For months he had felt that Miss Isabella Wheaton was playing him false, although he had allowed himself to hope against hope: now he was sure of it. It was all explained, why his last letter, written some three months before, had not been answered. Some one had supplanted him in her love.

He put the little box out of sight, after crushing the dried roses to powder, and bending the ring into an elliptical circle. He had too much reverence in his composition to harm the Bible: perhaps the kiss Isabella's lips on its leaves exerted an unknown influence over him, for he put it carefully aside. Now his dream was broken, what should he do? Go along about his business like a man? Not he. He must have rest—recreation—change. So giving his partner a few directions, and saying that he should be absent from Charleston a number of weeks, he turned his face towards—for my part I can not say what place, for the young man did not know himself.

At any rate, in his wanderings there chanced to come before his eyes one of those wretched spectacles that so appall the human heart—a wholesale railroad slaughter. Shuddering he went around amid the dead and dying. First, the white face of a beautiful woman he saw, then the waxen features of a babe, and then a man, strong and hearty an hour before, crushed broken and bruised.

"Can't you help us, sir?" asked some impatiently of him.

The question had not occurred to Henry Wilton before. A little manly pride arose to his face, as he briefly made answer. But what should he do? He would not take in his arms a woman or a child, he thought. He looked about him for an old man—some one seemingly isolated from the rest by everything which appeals directly to human sympathy. A deep groan fell upon his ears. He turned around.

"Water, water!" cried a suffering man.

Henry bent down and held a cup to his lips.

"Have you friends here?" he asked.

"No; I'm a long distance from home."

This was enough to hear. With the assistance of a gentleman who was standing near by, he raised him to the wagon which was waiting to carry the sufferers to the nearest town.

"I will take care of you, sir, Henry whispered in his ear. "Do not trouble yourself."

The assurance was a timely one. The next moment the stranger had fainted. Henry Wilton kept his promise. A woman could not have cared more tenderly for the man she loved than he did for the helpless sufferer through the long days and nights that followed. It was weeks before the flickering life grew to strength again, At last he grew able to tell something of himself, and give a few directions relative to his business, a branch of which he was traveling south to attend at the time of the accident.

"And one thing more," he said, turning wearily upon his pillow. "There is a lady who ought to be informed of my condition.—Write, if you please, to Miss Isabella Wheaton, Boston, Mass.

Henry started. Could he believe his senses! Was *this* the man who had won her love from him? this the man who had come between him and his happines?—he whom he had watched and nursed so carefully, when the least neglect or mismanagement would have robbed him of life? He clenched his hands together.

"I will write to the lady," he said briefly.

And he wrote. The letter was as follows:

"MISS ISABELLA WHEATON:—Your *lover*, Mr. Samuel Butler, is but now convalescing, after a long and severe illness, occasioned by injuries which he received at the time of the great Southern Railway accident. Perhaps your presence would be a pleasure to him. I have endeavored to care for him as faithfully as possible, although for whose happiness I was working I was profoundly ignorant.

Your obedient servant,
HENRY C. WILTON."

Miss Isabella Wheaton made answer:

"MR. WILTON—Sir—I shall not attend upon Mr. Samuel Butler. I regret his illness, not for my own sake, but for his. He is not my lover. ISABELLA WHEATON.

What this all meant the young man was at a loss to know. But he waited patiently for Mr. Butler to clear up the mystery. One day he ventured to ask him who Miss Wheaton might be.

"My future wife," answered the gentleman gruffly. "She's as handsome as a picture. I wish you could see her."

"The deuce!" said Henry, under his breath; but turning around, he said, audibly, "I wish you much happiness, sir, she is worthy of you."

"Little doubt about that—little doubt. You will see her if you return home with me to-morrow."

"But my business is hardly in a condition to leave," pleaded Henry.

"Then I shall wait for you. I can't go without you. You've been a kind friend to me. I must reward you some way."

Henry shook his head. In heart he kindly wished Mr. Butler to Jericho. He was so angry, that he felt like laying hands on him in real good earnest, and shaking him out of his slippers. If he had been a young, handsome rival, he could have borne it better. But there was a mystery somewhere. He resolved to go to Boston and learn what it was. And he went.

Mr. Samuel Butler and Miss Isabella Wheaton met. Mr. Butler was cool, calm and collected, Miss Wheaton was keen and defiant.

"I hope you have quite come to your senses," Mr. Butler said.

"I came to them before you left, sir," she answered. "I regret your illness, but cannot receive your visits hereafter."

"Tut, tut, tut!" said Mr. Butler. "We'll see!"

This was too much. From clear, sheer anger, Miss Wheaton burst into tears.

"You are a great coarse, ill-natured man—That is all I shall say to you."

Mr. Butler laughed.

"Now I will tell you how it stands with you, my dear young lady," he said. "You must either marry me or the young man who cared for me during my severe illness."

Isabella's eyes brightened.

"Anything short of a monster," she muttered, smiling behind her handkerchief.

"I'm not certain that he will marry you; I don't know as he will want you; but if he does, I won't say a word."

"Perhaps I shall," said Miss Wheaton, tossing her head. "You have no right to dispose of me to please your own poor ideas."

"We'll see—we'll see!" said Mr. Butler, shaking his head. "I would just as soon sue you for a breach of promise as not, my fine young lady."

"I do not doubt you. I—"

Just then the door bell rang, and Mr. Wilton was announced. Isabella's face first whitened, then crimsoned.

"This is the lady of whom I spoke to you, Mr. Wilton—Miss Wheaton," said Mr. Butler. "Either you must marry her, or I shall."

Now this was a brusque, miserable way of doing business, and the young people felt it to be so. But Henry, with his ready tact, said, going forward and clasping Isabella's hand:

"I should be most happy to relieve you, Mr. Butler."

"And I shall be most happy to have you," she answered.

Mr. Samuel Butler leaned back in his chair and indulged in several hearty guffaws.

"Now rave to the bed-posts again, Mr. Wilton, when you think your patient is out of his head. Ha, ha, ha! Can't cheat an old fellow like me. I knew how it was a long time ago—haw, haw! You are a thousand times too good for her. She's a fiery little piece. But never mind, I guess she's always been true enough to you. Good-morning—I'll leave you."

Mr. Butler went laughing down the street, and Mr. Wilton and Isabella sat upon the sofa side by side. So the cloud of doubt drifted away from the lovers, and the perpetual sunshine of faith and trust beamed upon them.

A traveller, seeing a sign over the door with this one word, "Agorsqdere," he called to the woman to inquire what she sold, when she said she did not sell anything, but that "Agues were cured here."

Great Discovery.

At a meeting of the American Photographical Society of New-York on Monday evening, says the *Commercial*, an account was given of a machine patented by Mr. Charles Fontague of Cincinnati, by which miniature photographs are printed at the astonishing speed of 200 a minute, or 12,000 an hour, from one negative. The means by which this is accomplished is simple; the adaptation of machinery to the process of printing by development. The negative is fixed in a box, together with a sheet of prepared paper, and the latter exposed by automatic machinery, to the condensed light of the sun passing through the negative. After each exposure, the paper is traversed underneath the negative to present a fresh surface for the succeeding impression. These motions, together with damping the negative into close contact with the paper, at the instant of exposure are all performed by the operator simply turning a crank. In taking 200 impressions per minute, the time of exposure is but .03 of a second for each impression. The condensing lens being seven inches in diameter, and the circle of condensed light about one and a half inches, the above exposure is equal to .05 of a second, direct exposure to the light of the sun. If, therefore, the machine were to be used for a large class of pictures, such as book illustrations, a condensing lens might be dispensed with, and yet nearly 2500 impressions be taken in an hour. The discovery is regarded as of great importance to the book trade.

Mr. Grove, the table-decker at St. James', used, as long as he was able, to walk round the park every day. Dr. Barnard, then a chaplain, met him accidentally in the mall. "So, Master Grove," said he, "why, you look vastly well; do you continue to take your usual walk?" "No, sir," replied the old man; "I cannot do so much now. I cannot get round the park; but I will tell you what I do instead—I go half round and back."

An eccentric gentleman stuck up a board in a field upon his estate, on which he painted the following:—"I will give this field to any man who is contented." He soon had an applicant. "Well, sir, are you a contented man?" "Yes, sir, very." "Then what do you want with my field?"

Sylvanus had three ways of proving a man a fool. He is a fool who seeks that which he cannot find; he is a fool who seeks that which, if found, would do him more harm than good; he is a fool, who, having several ways to bring him to his journey's end, selects the worst one.

The Duke de Duras, observing Descartes seated one day at a luxurious table, cried out—"What! do philosophers indulge in dainties?" "Why not?" replied Descartes. "Do you think that nature produced all her good things for fools!"

"Is Mr. Tibbs a slow man that you never associate with him?" "Mr. Tibbs, my love, is as slow as the clock in the Court of Chancery, which takes an hour and twenty minutes to strike one."

TAIL TO BE DISCONTINUED.—Near Warren, Connecticut, is posted on a meadow fence the following:—Notiis.—Know kows is aloud in these medders, eny man ore women letten thare kow run the rode wot gits inter my meddors aforesaid shel have his tale cut orf by me Obadiah Rogers.

THREE SAYINGS.—"Your pen wants mending," as the shepherd said to the stray sheep. "My heart is thine," as the cabbage said to the cook maid. "You don't pass here," as the counter said to the bad shilling.

"My dear Julia," said one girl to another, "can you make up your mind to marry that odious Mr. Snuff?" "Why, my dear Mary," replied Julia, "I believe I could take him at a pinch!"

"Do you believe that Mrs. S. paints?"—"They say she does, but I can hardly credit it." Well, she has certainly a great deal of color for one of her size."

A South Carolina Fourth of July toast: *Women*—To her virtues, we give our love; to her beauty, our admiration; and to her hoops, we give—way.

Ten million dollars have been contributed by the citizens of Boston toward objects of a public nature of a moral, religious or literary character, during the last half century, of which there are authentic accounts.